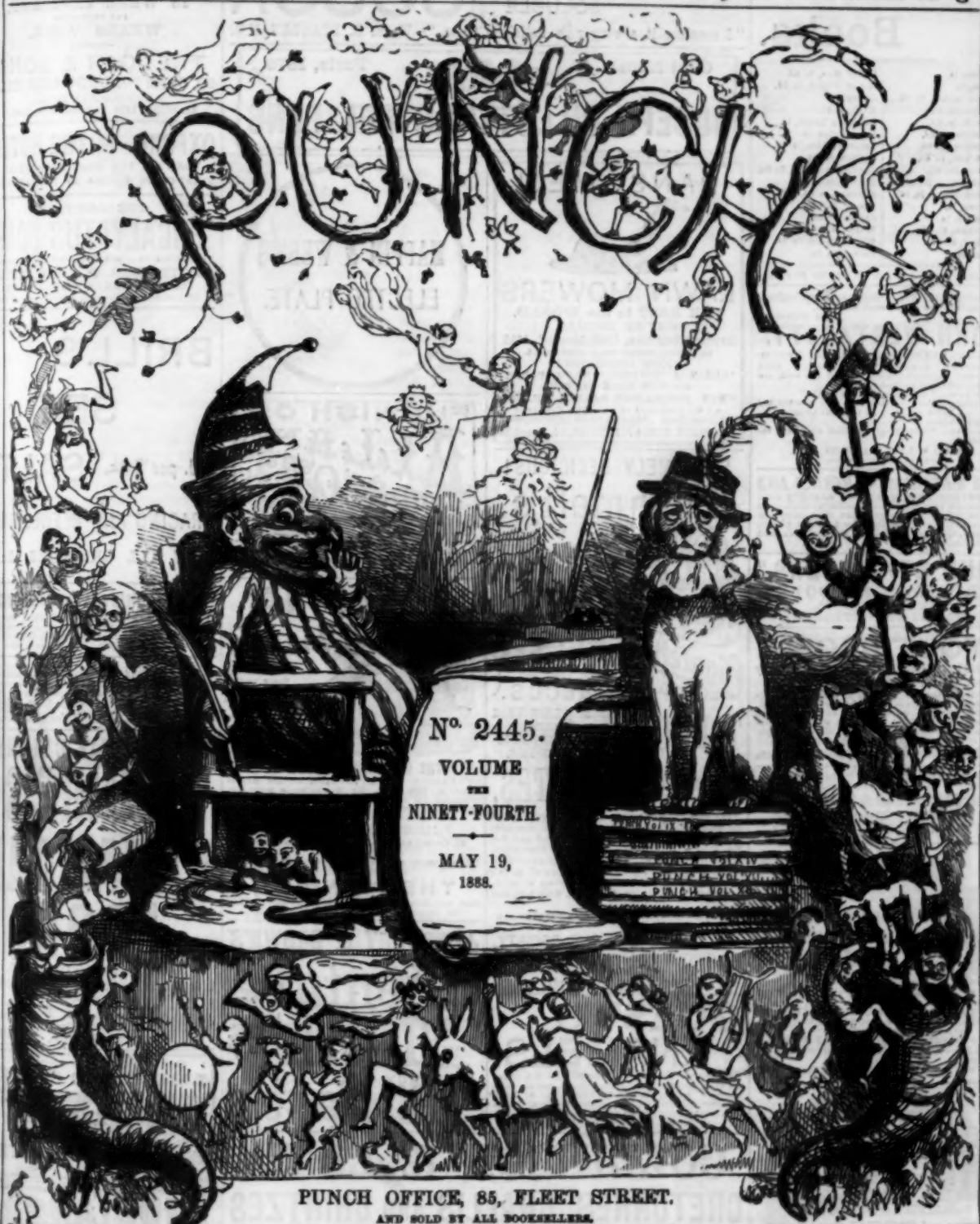


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A MUSICAL NOTE.

Box voyage and "Many Happy Returns" in every sense of the word to Mr. FRED. COWEN, who is off to Australia. Miss COWEN,



Mr. Fred. Cowen Personally Conducting his Orchestra to Melbourne. Overture, "Advance (£6000), Australia!"

Miss COWEN's recitals were all good, but I should select "Boddy" and "Little Mrs. Somebody" as the pick of the basket. Miss GRACE DAMIAN's singing of "The Angel Came," and "For Lack of Thee," made a great hit—quite a *coup de "Grace"*—and confirmed the success of the *Matinée*. There is something so thorough about this lady's method, her whole heart and soul being evidently in her work, that, inspired by a friendly feeling towards her, as her name is so uncommonly like "Damon," I sign myself MISTER PYTHIAS.

INFANT POLITICIANS.

A Forecast of the Future.

"Women could very easily begin political training with their children so as to familiarise them with hearing the great questions of the day discussed at home."—*Report of Lady Montagu's Speech at the Ladies' Grand Council of the Primrose League.*

Tory Mamma (to highly-trained children). And you must never despise or look down upon other people just because they happen to be Gladstonians. You should always remember that it is your good fortune, not your own merit, that you have been brought up differently.

The Eldest Boy. Yes, Mother, if Papa hadn't ratted at just the right time—

[*Tory Mamma* thinks it is time they went up to their tea.

SCENE—Afternoon Reception in a Conservative Salon.

Little Lady Primula Damer (age 7—to Noble Kinsman). Oh, Uncle GARTERBLUE, will you get my doll's name put down on your list for a "special service" clasp? She's got all the Noah's Ark animals to join our branch of the League!

SCENE—The Nursery.

Father, M. P. (going up to see his children, and himself coolly received). Why, what's all this? Why won't the Baby kiss me, eh, ETHEL?

Ethel (severely). Well, Papa, you see Baby's a little disappointed with the vote you gave on the Second Reading of the Lundy Island Home Rule Bill—and so are all of us!

Godfather (to Godson). Well, what would you like for your birthday, eh, BOBBY?

Bobby (with decision). Guide to the House of Commons, please—and a new ballot-box.

Old-fashioned Friend (to Small Boy). And what are you so interested in, my little man? Fairy Tales, Nursery Rhymes, hey?

Small Boy. Something much better than that old rubbish! I'm going all through the Statistics of the last Bye-Elections—and (with boyish enthusiasm) oh, Mr. HUMDRUM, won't it be jolly when the next General Election comes, and we're "as in 1885—only better," you know!

In the Nursery again.

Mabel (to her Governess). Oh, Miss GURTON, do speak to REGGIE—it is so mean of him! You know the Gentleman Doll out of my Doll's-house was returned for the Fireplace Division, by a large

majority—all the cats plumped for him and two of the canaries! Well; REGGIE says the General of his tin soldiers is really elected, because there was "undue influence," and—and he's gone and unseated my Gentleman Doll on petition, into the bath!

Artful Little Girl (to her mother, a strong Gladstonian). Mummy, will you buy me a new doll?

Mother. But you have a very nice doll already, dear!

Little Girl. I know—but I've just found out she's a Dissident Liberal!

Little Priscilla (aged 9). Mother, what do you think? While you were away, I've had quite a long talk with Mr. BLANK—you know he's Chief Secretary for Ireland now!—and just fancy, Mother, I've almost persuaded him to turn Home-Ruler!

Round the School-room Fire.

Political Parent (Radical). Tell you a story? Well, what shall it be?

Frederick (aged 8). Tell us about what Mr. BALFOUR told Mr. BLUNT he meant to do to the Parnellites!

Madge (9). No, that's a silly story! Let's have the one about Mitchelstown.

Harry (10). Oh, we've heard that so often! Tell us how naughty Colonel DOPPING shot at good Mr. GLADSTONE.

Violet (11). Oh, not that one! I want the Battle of Trafalgar Square, and how Mr. GRAHAM went to prison!

[*And so on—until Political Parent, as a compromise, reads to them out of Hansard until bedtime.*

Not Improbable Result of Early Political Training.

Friend of the Family (in touch with the latest ideas—to small boy). So you're twelve next Monday, are you, Master HAROLD? Well, I tell you what I'll do—I'll take you into the Strangers' Gallery of the House that evening—exciting debate, GLADSTONE to move vote of want of confidence in Ministry. Come, that will be a treat for you, won't it?

Harold (with wounded dignity). Thank you, but I'm not in the Nursery now, you know. I've got a little too old to be amused by all that sort of thing any longer!

"A WINTER'S TALE" SPOILT.

Bootles' Baby, at the Globe as a play is not up to the Stannard of the well-known novel by "JOHN STRANGE WINTER." This undramatic dramatisation of *Bootles' Baby* at the Globe is an ill-constructed play furnished with stupid dialogue, and too long by at least an Act. But for the infant *Bootles*, of Act II., and the charming acting of little Miss MINNIE TERRY—the only uncockneyfied child I ever remember to have seen on the stage—the first night's performance would have been a very dreary one, even in spite of one of the most friendly and patient audiences ever assembled at a *première*.

The stage mis-management is on a par with the construction of the piece. By the time this notice appears, considerable alterations will probably have been made, and the piece will be played within reasonable limits.

Mr. SUGDEN acted excellently as the villain. Miss EDITH WOODWORTH looked interesting, and tried to compensate for poverty of dialogue by wealth of appropriate action. Miss LINDLEY looked and acted very well as Mrs. Smith. Mr. EDMUND MAURICE played *Bootles* in a straightforward manly style. Mr. GILBERT FARQUHAR represented, it is not improbable, a type of regimental doctor, with which, thank goodness, I am unacquainted. No better officer's servant could be found than Mr. CHARLES COLLETTE, only one can have too much of even so good a performance as his, and indeed, thinking over it, the impression left on my mind by the piece is, that it was all COLLETTE and Babies. I was bored by it, but then I deserved to be punished for breaking through my rule and going to a *première*, an exception for Yours Truly.

JACK-IN-THE-BOX.

P.S.—There doesn't seem at first sight much connection between this very modern inartistic work and the picturesque, romantic, musical fragment, entitled *The Sorceress*, as performed at Professor HERKOMER'S Theatre, Bushey. Yet there is. In the latter, round the stolen child the picturesquely ragged rascals ran, and danced, and kissed his little hands, and hugged him uncouthly. Now this is precisely what the idiotic, prosaic, Tony Lumpkinerque officers do with *Mignon* in *Bootles' Baby*. Another curious and undesigned coincidence is the resemblance between *Bootles' Baby* and *The Luck of Roaring Camp*.

A PRIMROSE Dame and energetic Woman's Suffrage'un says of the Member for Hanley, "Would all were like him!"



TWO NASTY ONES.

Jones (who has not been asked). "ULLO! ANOTHER OF THOSE BIG CRUSHERS AT LADY GATHERUM'S, WHERE I'M TOLD THE BUTLER IS ALLOWED TO INVITE HIS OWN PARTICULAR FRIENDS. YOU WERE THERE, OF COURSE!"

Brown (who has). "YES—AND YOU WEREN'T. I SUPPOSE THE BUTLER HAD TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE!"

TO MAY. (To Cease Fooling.)

THE Winter is long, like the coal and gas bills, and longer has grown the shamefaced day,
And some of the conscientious hedges are keeping the feast, though it's far from gay;

The grass is mown, and the meads are ready, the trees are waiting, but where
What must the cuckoo be thinking of you, and what must the nightingale,
Clinging at eve to his bloomy spray with the nightingale's notion of tooth and nail,
And his trills and ripples go down the wind, like the shreds of a fairy sail.

The trees, like masts for the festal banners, are ready for their array,
And the early comers, in wasted triumph, stream to the stormy day,
While the blossoms are blown about like smoke, and the under-leaves are grey.

But you pause in your wilful, wayward sport, with a tear in your bold blue eye,
And the sun shines out, and the wind has dropp'd, and the woodland voices cry
With thronging rapture of faith unshaken, that the storms have all gone by.

O May, shall we never see you coming, coming at last to the patient earth,
With just the flush of the hawthorn petals, maiden shyness, or bridal mirth?
Think of your gardens and meads and rivers; scatter your life on the woodland's dearth.

Postscriptum (when the wind has changed).

So, after all, you were only playing, hiding behind the birch-crowned hill,
Where the light at evening is clearly golden, a blend of sunbeam and daffodil.
And the rays through the new leaves drop like honey, whence flowers their wine distil.

Oh, wayward May, in your Mayward way you have suddenly come to the world like love

In a wonder of beauty that baffles telling, on earth below and in heaven above,
While the mellow call of the cuckoo mingles with the deep content of the dove.

The mustard and cress in the kitchen garden gladdens the householder's heart at morn,

And merry voices are heard at tennis, and the click of the bat from the green is borne
Where the balls keep the cricket-net meshes swaying like gusts on a field of corn.

On a votive peg we hang the ulster, and bask in the sun in light array,
And the long, long Winter is scarce remembered like a guest that tarried a day,
And we gravely believe your nightingale whisper, "It's *always* like this in May."

MR. PUNCH'S ALARMIST ALPHABET.

(Dedicated to our Naval and Military experts, to whose warnings our Rulers attach no particular importance.)

A's the Alarm that the Country's defenceless.
B's the Belief such assertions are senseless.
C's the Commission that sits with regard to them;
D our Defences—the one topic barred to them!
E's the Expense—it's supposed we shall grudge it!
F is the Fear of increasing the Budget.
G stands for Guns, which we thought we had got.
H is the Howl when we hear we have *not*.
I's the Inquiry, abuses to right meant;
J is the Judgment (a crushing indictment!);
K is the Knot of red tape someone ties on it;
L's Limbo—where no one will ever set eyes on it!
M is the Murmur, too quickly forgotten.
N is our Navy, which some say is rotten.
O's the Official who bungles with *bonhomie*.
P's Party-Government—all for Economy.
Q is the Question engrossing our Statesmen.
R is Retrenchment, which so fascinates men.
S stands for Services, starved (out of Policy).
T is the Time when—too late!—we our folly see.
U is the Uproar of Struggle Titanic;
V is the Vote we shall pass in a panic.
W's War—with the Capture of London.
X our Xplosions of fury, when undone.
Y is the Yoke we shall have to get used to.
Z is the Zero our Empire's reduced to!

THE NEXT ARMADA.

A Brief Chapter from the History of Macaulay Junior.

IN the City the agitation was fearful. None could doubt that the decisive crisis was approaching. It was known, from the second edition of the *Times*, that the joint Armada, carrying everything before it, was continuing its victorious progress up the Channel. Plymouth had fallen without firing a shot. Portsmouth had speedily followed suit. The former had found itself, at the eleventh hour, unprovided with a single gun. The latter, at the crucial moment, discovered that it was still waiting the arrival of its ammunition. When these facts, mysteriously whispered at first with bated breath, became, later in the day, authenticated by the appearance of succeeding editions of the morning papers, the public excitement knew no bounds. A hideous panic seized the Stock Exchange. "Gooshens" went down to sixty at a single leap. Five well-known Stockbrokers went off their heads, and were removed in cabs by the police in violent hysterics. The Lord Mayor appeared on the steps of the Mansion House, and endeavoured to quell the riot. He was at once recognised by the mob, and pelted with Pass-Books.

But things assumed a most threatening aspect at the Admiralty. A vast multitude had assembled at Whitehall, and rendered Parliament Street impassable. There was an angry howl at the "Board." The Police took the precautionary measure of closing the gates. The First Lord appeared inside the enclosure, and his presence was the signal for an ominous roar. He was deathly pale and trembling, but he managed to scramble up the balustrade, and gazed feebly down on the raving thousands below. He was understood to say that when next Parliament met it would be asked to appoint another Committee to inquire into the naval administration of the country. His speech was cut short by execrations, and he hastily withdrew. Ten minutes later it was understood that he had escaped by the back way over the palings into the

Park, and was hiding himself from the fury of the mob in an unfrequented slum in Pimlico.

But while these events were transpiring in the Metropolis of the Empire, still graver issues were being arrived at on that "silver streak," which, up to now, had popularly, but erroneously, been regarded as its sure defence. What had been left of the British Channel Fleet after its first disastrous encounter with the joint Armada off the Lizard had rallied, and was now awaiting the attack of the again on-pressing and advancing enemy, in what promised to be a decisive encounter for the possession of the Mouth of the Thames, in the immediate neighbourhood of Herne Bay. The Admiral, in his hasty retreat, had collected about the shattered remnant of his forces some auxiliary adjuncts. He had been joined by Her Majesty's ironclads, *Slyx* and *Megatherium*, and by the belted cruiser, *Daffodil*; but owing to the fact that these vessels, not possessing any guns, had had to put to sea without their armaments, the recent arrivals could scarcely be counted on by him as an addition to his fighting power in any pending action. Nor was he sure of his own ship. Her Majesty's ironclad *Blunderer*, which carried his flag, was armed with four of the famous 43-ton Collingwood exploding guns, and though hard pressed in the recent engagement, he had not thought it wise to give the order to "fire."

Such was the position of the British Admiral at the commencement of that fatal afternoon which saw the last blow struck for the preservation of the Empire. The fight commenced by a general attack of the enemy. But it did not last long. In a very few minutes seven of the British ironclads, including that of the Admiral, were blown up by the explosion of their own guns. The rest found that they were supplied with the wrong-sized ammunition, and were rapidly put *hors de combat*. Within a quarter of an hour of the firing of the first shot the action was over, and the last remnant of the British Fleet had practically disappeared. That evening the advance despatch boats of the joint Armada anchored off Gravesend, and 120,000 men were landed on the Kentish coast between Margate and Whitstable.

When the news of the disaster appeared in the evening papers, the panic, which had been gathering strength as the day progressed, culminated in fever-heat. Everybody was in the streets asking, with staring eyeballs, for the latest news.

Gradually it became known that 75,000 of the enemy were advancing on the capital by way of Aldershot, and that the General in command at the camp, who had 1371 men of all arms under him, all told, had received orders to oppose them, and this announcement seemed to restore in some measure the public confidence.

Meantime a quite phenomenal activity prevailed at the War Office, and the horses of the General Omnibus Company were at once requisitioned for the service of the Royal Artillery. The Duke of CAMBRIDGE, on hearing of the catastrophe, had applied to the Authorities instantly for the 11,000 men he had recently insisted on. With that force, he said, even at the eleventh hour, he would guarantee the safety of the country. Mr. WHITELEY forthwith undertook to furnish them within twenty-four hours. His offer was accepted with enthusiasm. It was known too that Lord WOOLLEY had already started with a miscellaneous force of Volunteers, Guards, and Policemen, hurriedly collected, for



'OH, TAX 'EM, BY ALL MEANS!'

Hawker (outside, taking advantage of the open window) "BUT A NICE MOP, GOV'NOUR!"

Sydenham, with the intention of taking up a defensive position among the antediluvian animals, and there waiting the course of events.

The Authorities were fairly on their mettle. They instantly supplied three Volunteer regiments with rifles of an obsolete and antiquated pattern. Nor was this all. They telegraphed to Woolwich to expedite the selection of a model for the new magazine rifle, and marked their communication "urgent." Matters, meanwhile, at head-quarters were not less vigorously pushed forward. Inquiries were made for Mr. STANHOPE's plan of "defending the Thames." Every pigeon-hole was examined, but it could not be found. Still, the Department did not despair. They despatched a third-class War Office clerk to Greenwich to report on the situation and say what he thought of it.

When, however, it transpired the next morning that, spite all the efforts to stay their advance, 50,000 of the enemy had taken possession of the Bank of England, seized the Lord Mayor and Aldermen as hostages, and were prepared to treat with the Government, with a view to evacuation, on the cession of Margate, Canada, India, Gibraltar, Malta, Australia, and Madame Tussaud's Wax-work Collection, together with a preliminary payment of fifteen milliards, Englishmen began soberly to recognise that what they had so long regarded as an impossible vision had really come about, and that the "Next Armada" was an unhappily accomplished fact.



House of Commons, Monday, May 7.—ARTHUR MONTAGUE BROOKFIELD came down to House to-day, whistling "*Maribrook il s'en va-t-en guerre.*" BROOKFIELD was in 13th Hussars, doncha. Now sits for Rye, and sometimes writes books. Had a great notion to-day. On Friday BRADLAUGH orating on Waste Lands. Incidentally spoke disrespectfully of one hundred thousand acres of waste land in Sussex. All BROOKFIELD's martial ardour boiled over. Rye should see what he could do for the county. Went out to prepare his speech. Bell rang. Didn't matter; too busy. Presently messengers come in to put lights out. House counted, BRADLAUGH got off scot-free, Sussex sat upon, and Rye unavenged!

Thus things looked black on Friday night. But to-day sky brightened. BROOKFIELD had happy thought. Why not go down to House, rise after questions, crave indulgence to discourse on personal matter, and, as MAPLE BLUNDELL would say, give it BRADLAUGH 'ot? Some fellows when they can't get off speech write to long-suffering *Times*, and work off stray thoughts. Better still to rise on personal question. Members always listen to personal question; all the papers report it at length. Wonder never thought of this before.

So BROOKFIELD *il s'en va-t-en guerre*—all across the Park, where the Spring leaves danced out to see him go by. Arrived at House took seat immediately on right of SPEAKER, so as to catch his eye when time came. Questions over, rose, produced manuscript, and "claimed indulgence of House whilst he made personal statement." Members beginning to crowd out under impression that business was commencing, halted, turned back, resumed seats. BROOKFIELD began with reference to Count Out on Friday, to BRADLAUGH's "serious and absolutely unfounded allegation," and so on to the existence of hundred thousand acres of waste land in the county of Sussex—"one of the divisions of which I have the honour to represent."

SPEAKER on his feet, with warning cry of "Order! Order!" "One hundred thousand acres of waste land," said he, "cannot possibly be a subject of personal explanation."

BROOKFIELD nervously explained that he was coming to the personal matter. SPEAKER sternly shook his head. To cross an ordinary spinney, or fifty acres of ploughed land, might be permitted; but a hundred thousand acres of waste land!—House evidently could not wait whilst he crossed it at whatever speed. So SPEAKER called on next business, and BROOKFIELD mournfully picked his way back through the hundred thousand acres.

"MAPLE BLUNDELL was quite right," he wearily said. "Dead set in modern legislation against anything 'ot. Suppose I might have made a cool remark, but when I meant to give it BRADLAUGH 'ot, SPEAKER shuts me up."

Business done.—Local Government Electors Bill through Committee. Globe Lands Bill read Third Time. Got into Committee on Criminal Evidence Bill. At this rate soon have no work to do.

Tuesday.—Alderman Sir ROBERT FOWLER, thrice Lord Mayor of London, in the dock again to-night. Always finding himself there, not for personal derelictions, but as chief representative in House of Corporation. FIRTH led for prosecution. With him BRADLAUGH, Q.C. Prisoner, who was respectfully

dressed, accommodated with a seat. BAUMANN, *sans de mieux*, accepted brief for defence. Crowds of witnesses in the lobby prepared to swear anything, either to character or having been with the prisoner in any particular place at any particular time mentioned in indictment. Solicitor General, interposing as *amicus curie*, urged Court to look over affair, as another formal and more serious charge preferred against prisoner and his friends is to come on at next assizes. General disposition of Court to deal leniently with prisoner. Well known for his philanthropy, his hospitality, and his "Hear! hear!" In the end, Jury disagreed. It is stated that 133 were for a verdict of "Guilty," and 156 for acquittal. Consequence was, prisoner was discharged, and left the Court accompanied by his friends.

Turned up a little later in support of SAM SMITH's motion deploring the rapid spread of demoralising literature in the country. Understood that Alderman traces all the iniquities of the Corporation to inordinate indulgence in cheap literature of demoralising tendency.

"If it hadn't," he said, "been for penny dreadfuls, the Street Committee would never have gone on that excursion to Paris, ostensibly to inspect the telephone wires; and the City Barge (if there be a successor to the defunct *Maria Wood*) would have been sold for a missionary ship long ago, if it hadn't been for the minds of the Court of Aldermen becoming unbinged by reading accounts of piratical excursions up the River Lea, penny plain, twopence coloured."

Business done.—Corporation on its trial. Jury disagreed.

Wednesday.—ARTHUR BALFOUR had pleasant time this afternoon. Usually has Irish Members banded against him. Fights them on wholesale principles, "One down, another come on." To-day sat beaming on Treasury Bench, whilst Irish Members demolished each other. Fun broke out on Second Reading on Irish Saturday Closing Bill. T. W. RUSSELL brought it in; circumstance didn't particularly recommend it to any section. As FLYNN, dropping into metaphor, and remembering work of Art he has seen somewhere, observed, "RUSSELL always treating Ireland as The Dirty Boy; catching it by the scruff of the neck, and forcibly proceeding to wash its face."

Irish Members sharply divided on Bill. Some supported it, others opposed it. PARKELL, with characteristic judicious reserve, declined either to support or oppose. JOHN O'CONNOR moved rejection. Thereafter assumed that ARTHUR BALFOUR's remarks on Bill were personal to himself. House screamed with laughter when AIREY-ARTHUR having made a particular statement, LONG JOHN slowly uncoiled himself, and, rising to fullest height, solemnly declared he had "never said that." In vain BALFOUR protested he had not mentioned Hon. Member, had not had him in his mind, was not, in whatever indirect way, referring to him. After a few more sentences, LONG JOHN's legs observed to move, then slowly uprose the columnar edifice, and a voice was heard saying, more in sorrow than in anger, "I assure Right Hon. Gentleman I never said anything of the kind."

Presently AIREY-ARTHUR grew accustomed to process. Regarded interposition as note of admiration, perhaps rather too plentifully sprinkled about his sentences. When the tall figure at the corner Bench opposite showed signs of movement he resumed his seat, JOHN O'CONNOR made his protest, and BALFOUR continued his speech as if nothing had happened.

Business done.—Irish Saturday Closing Bill read Second Time.

Thursday.—House kept a watch on QUINN this afternoon, which, as JOACHIM says, was odd, since QUINN had no watch on him. Lost it early yesterday morning, wending his way homeward after legislative labours. Understood that QUINN was coming down this afternoon to give notice to ask House



A Note of Admiration!

SECRETARY whether he had received official information of the outrage, and whether he was prepared to Gazette Chelsea as a proclaimed district? But QUINN didn't put in appearance, and condolences held over.

House spent useful, but not exciting, evening, discussing Railway and Canal Traffic Bill.

SHAW came back after long absence. Makes his first appearance since New Rules in operation. Says he's "struck all of a heap." Doesn't know the place. So dull and decorous, that an afternoon with the Halifax Town Council quite a refreshing change.

Business done.—Various Bills advanced a stage.

Friday.—Thought there was something the matter with the Dook tonight. Met him going to the Lords, frowning and puffing, and clenching his fists. All explained early in sitting. Seems someone has been writing to the papers purporting to supply information on the highest military authority.

"My Lords," said H.R.H., looking round the hushed Chamber, his hand instinctively seeking sword-hilt, "up to this moment I had supposed I was the highest military authority."

Then the Markiss wheeled into line of battle. Fell upon Our Only General, who has been making speeches, and rather hinting that we can do without War Office, perhaps even without Premier. Quite a lively half-hour. Running neck-and-neck in point of excitement was the scene in other House where BRADLAUGH came to the front again. GRANDOLPH took opportunity of landing Old Morality a back-hander, and there was generally the doose to pay. Business done.—Flare up in both Houses.



"Struck all of a Heap."

FROM BROMPTON TO DENMARK AND ITALY.

(By Our Much Abroad Contributor.)

ARMED with the sealed instructions of my Editor (not to be opened until I was well on my way), I left Brompton for the distant climes of the home of our Sea King ancestors, and the land that, by universal consent, is known as "The Garden of Europe." It is unnecessary to describe my journey (which I need scarcely say was by the Roaderzee-Exhibitionsberg, and the Diss-Trickrailwayzein), as it was uneventful. I will merely observe that I was soon, very soon, in the centre of Denmark. It was a most remarkable spot, and on every side I found evidences that I was indeed out of England. The first object that attracted my attention was a sort of boat, painted a bright red, which was floating in a small lake, dotted here and there with fountains. This vessel had a solitary mast, or rather pole, surmounted with a kind of globe of intertwined hoops, also coloured vermilion. On closer inspection, I found that this globe at night-time could be exchanged for a lamp.

"Ah," I observed to a bystander, "I think I recognise this ship. If I am not greatly mistaken, this is the Nore. It is to be found, as a rule (is it not?), at the mouth of the Thames."

"You are not quite right," was the reply. "This is indeed a Nore—but not the English Nore. This is of Danish origin. It is mentioned by SHAKESPEARE, and is called Elsie-Nore."

Much pleased with this discovery, I continued my explorations, and was soon standing in front of a collection of small cottages.

"A village?" I hinted.

"No," said the bystander, who had accompanied me, and seemed most anxious to furnish me with information. "In England, no doubt, this cluster of cottages would be called a village, but here in Denmark it is known as a Hamlet. Your great poet had, when living, a deal to do with Hamlet."

"That is questionable," I replied, glad to show my erudition. "The chances are that he might have composed half of it—say the last half—but the Ham, I fancy, is attributable to BACON."

My Guide (who seemed a little annoyed at this remark) now left me, giving place to a young lady (quaintly dressed in white muslin and wild flowers) of very prepossessing appearance. I was much struck with her hair, which was tastefully decorated with straw.

"Are you a Dane, Madam?" I asked.

"I have lived all my life in Denmark, Sir," was the soft response, "but I am really of Irish extraction. My name is O'PHELIA."

She pronounced it "O'Failure," which gave me an opportunity of declaring that I was quite sure that it was a misnomer—that she

could only be associated with a great success. "You are mighty polite," she returned, with a smile, "will I do anything else for ye?"

Thus invited, I said I should very much like to see a real Dane.

"Nothing easier," she cried, and pointing to a gentleman in black with a hat tied up at the sides and wearing gaiters and an apron, observed, "Sure he's a Dane, and so was SWIFT."

After this, I saw a hundred objects of the most interesting character—there were jam tarts, jewelled brooches, tiny tea-sups, small watches, and wee handkerchiefs covered with the most elegant lace.

"Thoroughly foreign," I commented.

"Not only foreign," said Miss O'PHELIA, "but Dane-ty."

It now occurred to me that only half my duty had been performed, and that in spite of the enchanting company of my fair conductress, I must tear myself away to visit Italy. So after a courteous adieu, I left Denmark, and was soon in the Rodo die Lillie, which, as everyone knows is close to the Cemetary die Bromptoni. I hurriedly entered the domains of the House of Savoy, and threw myself on a seat where one of the most charming views I have ever seen presented itself to my delighted vision.

There was a small forest of the most delightful green foliage surmounted by a gorgeous layer of flesh-colour enshrined in a sort of shell of the brightest red. Resting on the layer, and overflowing the foliage, was a stream of yellow that seemed to me like oil mixed with hard-boiled eggs. I revelled in this perfect picture, and absolutely devoured it.

"What is it called?" I asked, almost choking with emotion.

"This, Sir," replied a man at my elbow, "is the celebrated *saladi di lobsterini*. Would you like to see the *soupo-consommoni*?"

I replied in the affirmative, and immediately there appeared before me a small lake composed in the most exquisite taste.

After this I was shown the *lambo*, situated close to the *sauci di minto*, the *gelatino di stufo-vealo*, and the *meringoes di creme*. While I thoroughly enjoyed these magnificent products of a happy country, I quaffed a very pleasing beverage, which effervesced when it was poured from a bottle, decorated at the neck with what appeared to me to be gold-foil. I was obliged to take it, as I found this kind of sight-seeing rather thirsty work. By degrees the pleasant views became slightly indistinct, and then I witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. The ground seemed to be turning round. Here was a lamp-post standing on its head; there a band-stand climbing up a tree. It was a weird sight, which filled me with vague awe.

"Where are we now?" I stammered. "What do you call this?"

"We call this," was the immediate reply, "the *Champagna*!"

Then I remembered the evil effects attributed to the country surrounding Rome, and hurried away. Shortly afterwards I fell asleep, and remained in a heavy slumber for many hours. When I awoke I opened my sealed instructions. They were as follows:—

"Go to the Anglo-Danish and Italian Exhibitions, and write a preliminary notice of what you didn't see."

With a sigh of relief (and a slight head-ache), I reflected that I had carried out my Editor's instructions to the letter!

"DISTRICT VISITORS."

THAT there is "no more useful class, whether it be first, second, or third, than 'the District Visitor,'" is the opinion of every official connected with the District Railway and the Exhibitions at South and West Kensington. Such, also, is the sentiment of the aristocratic Earl of Earl's Court, in whose heraldic bearings stands out conspicuous "the Early Bird on a field argent, catching the worm sluggant."

For these District Visitors to London has been compiled, by an anonymous writer, an excellent District Railway Guide, so choke-full of useful and interesting information that the intending Visitor who purchases it, may consider the most economical way of spending a happy day to be remaining indoors perusing this valuable Guide; only as it does not include details of the Italian and Anglo-Danish Shows, he will have to visit these, unless he prefer trusting to his imagination. The maps, as works of Art, might be taken as models by some of our most eminent colourists in the Academy; and the War Office will do well to consider "the thin Red Line" shown on this map in their scheme for improving "Defenceless London."

So much for the present—if you can get somebody to give it you as a present, all the better, if not it is sixpence well spent,—and in the future not dim and distant, we may have something more to say on these same lines.

It is published by "ALFRED BOOT AND SONS,"—a pair of Boots, and perhaps some odd boots,—and as it ought to be appreciated by the Public, it, as LUCIUS JUNIUS BOOTUS might say, will go "like old Boots." Boots it to add that it is Bootifully got up? Whether it wouldn't be still better if more pocketable, is for the Publisher to consider. But, *à propos de bottles*, he may think that a re-issue in a portable form is quite another pair of shoes. A good advertisement for the Guide would be on every Smith stall to have written up "Boots Sold here."



THE QUESTION OF THE DAY.

Mrs. Wistful. "WHAT HAPPY PEOPLE YOU ARE, TO HAVE SIX NICE DAUGHTERS! WHAT RESOURCES FOR YOUR OLD AGE!"

Mr. Quiverful. "YES, RESOURCES ENOUGH! BUT THE DIFFICULTY, NOWADAYS, CONSISTS IN HUSBANDING ONE'S RESOURCES!"

"THREE JOLLY POST-BOYS!"

THREE jolly Post-boys were drinking at the "Dragon,"
Each of them considered he'd a big success to brag on;
And they determined,
Gleefully determined,
Triumphantly determined
To push about the flagon.

"Landlord, fill the flowing bowl, until it runs over!
Each of us, in season, of good tipple is a lover;
There are not three thirstier boys,
Bibulously thirstier boys,
Gloriously thirstier boys,
From here away to Dover!"

SMITH—a steadier rider never threw his leg o'er leather;
GOSCHEN—he was game to pound through every kind o' weather;
RITCHIE—lad of promise he.
They were full of mirth and glee;
Never a more jovial three
Took the road together.

"Here is our first stage!" they cried; "we may take an easy.
Pace we have put on, my boys, will make opponents queasy.
If you'd see three Post-boys proud,
Post-boys jubilant and proud,
Post-boys with good reason proud,
Gentlemen, us three see!"

"Rivals swore we couldn't ride together,—bound to quarrel.
'They must come a cropper soon,' they muttered; 'that's a moral.'
All their nasty temper, boys,
Spiteful jealous temper, boys,
Beastly bitter temper, boys;
Blend of rue and sorrel.

"Though we've come a spanking pace, our nags' reserve force
fund 'll
Prove that over a long course we boys know how to trundle.
And the luggage—'tisn't light—
Travels safe; that Budget's tight,
And the L. G. B.'s all right,
Though a biggish bundle.

"As to t'other—'National Defences' bag—we find, boys,
That it is a lumping load, and for our nags a grind, boys;
But, although its weight may irk,
We must face that piece of work,
And, whatever else we shirk,
Can't leave that behind, boys!"

"Steady does it; be the road to China or to Chiswick.
Patience cures the (Party) gout, the colic, and the phthisis;
And it is allowed to be,
Commonly allowed to be,
By the wise allowed to be,
The very best of physic.

"Push the flagon round, my boys! A man may be too sober.
We are not the lads to shirk a draught of sound October.
Fill the bumper, crack the joke.
We're not WILFRIDS; a good soak
Will not hurt our British oak;
Genuine *quercus robur*.

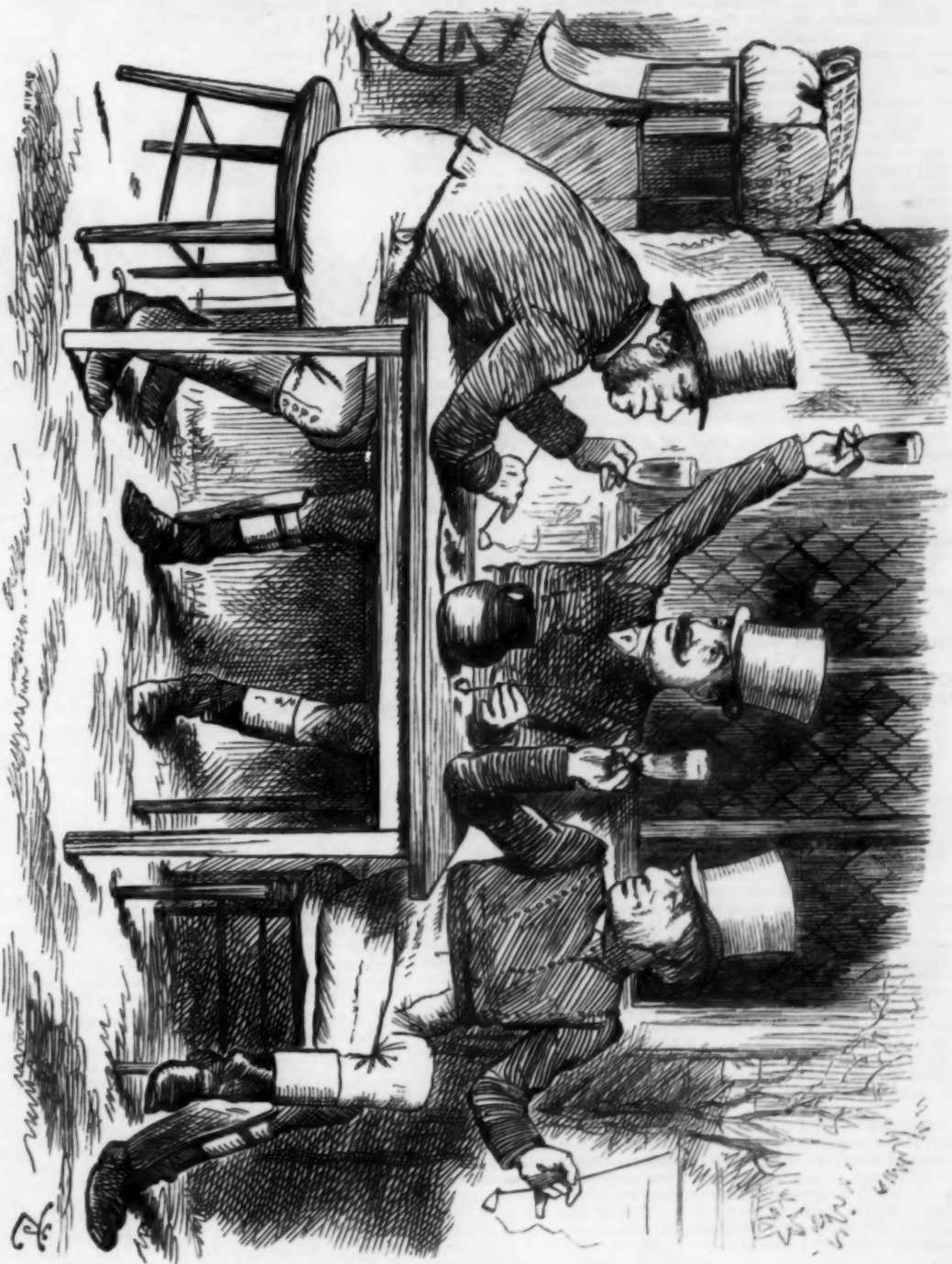
"Presently again we'll mount our postchaise smart and yellow,
For the moment let us tope until we're ripe and mellow.
He who toils, and tipples too,—
Like myself, dear boys, and you—
Lives as a man ought to do,
And dies a jolly fellow." [Left drinking.

CHANGE OF NAME.—In the Divisional Court, before Mr. Justice BRETT, appeared, in *Wrench v. Wrench*—a wrench asunder—one Mr. CANNOT as counsel for the petitioner. It is an unfortunate name. "Who will take the case?" asks the client of her solicitor. "He, CANNOT," answers her adviser. "Can not! shall not," indignantly exclaims the fair client. Now wouldn't it be better if Mr. CANNOT changed his name to Mr. NOW POSSUMUS? Or, to make it still more singular, why not Mr. NOW POSSUM? If these hints won't do, say Mr. KARRY.

N.B.—No. 22 in the Royal Academy, by FRANK HOLL, R.A., representing "Sir ANDREW CLARK—or his equivalent,"—and that's HOLL about it.

RITCHIE—LAD OF PROMISE HE.
THEY WERE FULL OF MIRTH AND GLEE:

NEVER A MORE JOVIAL THREE
TOOK THE ROAD TOGETHER."



“THREE JOLLY POSTBOYS!”

SMITH—A STEADIER RIDER NEVER THREW HIS LEG OVER LEATHER;
 GOSCHEN—HE WAS GAME TO POUND THROUGH EVERY KIND O' WEATHER;
 RITCHIE—LAD O' PROMISE HE, NEVER A MORE JOYFUL THING
 THEY WERE FULL O' MIRTH AND GLEE: | TOOK THE ROAD TOGETHER.”



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EFFEULLANT LA MARGUERITE.

La France sings:—

PETAL by petal plucked have I,
And yet I doubt, and yet I sigh!
My fate—what is it? Shall I try
Another?



AN IDYL MOMENT.

THE LATEST SOCIETY SENSATION.

THE President of the British Artists—if we may still be permitted to call him so—will find a formidable rival in his handsome countrywoman, who has just arrived from America, and who has already commenced her season in London. We allude to the talented "Madame LE SIFFLEUR," or Lady Whistler. The "Lady Whistler!" and our impressionable JAMES is not yet knighted. "Why should London wait?" What a chance for a duet! *Papagene* and *Papagena* in *Il Flauto Magico*! What is the old English, and, in this case, decidedly ungallant proverb about a "Whistling Woman and a Crowing Hen?" No matter. The Lady Whistler has a career before her. She is so attractive, that a song should be written for her, "Whistle and I'll come to you, My Lad-y!" Of course Madame LE SIFFLEUR does not exhibit her accomplishment "*pour les beaux yeux*" of her admirers, and therefore they will have "to pay for their whistle,"—and a very pretty and melodious whistle it is.

"P'SHORE!"—Morning Performances are nowadays of such frequent occurrence that the poor overworked Dramatic Critics might adopt, as their national song, "*Oh, dear! what can the Matinée be!*" This would be a foot too long, but then anything connected with an afternoon representation would naturally be the reverse of too short. However, there are exceptions to every rule; and had the Actors engaged in *The Silent Shore* a week since at the Olympic Theatre played in any piece other than Mr. BLOUNDELLE-BURTON's drama, there is every reason to believe that their labour would not have been in vain. The promoter of this particular *Matinée* was Mr. ARTHUR PLAYFAIR, who is more than a fair player—in fact, this gentleman promises to be a very good Actor indeed when an opportunity is offered to him. On the occasion in question he worked wonders out of very miserable materials, and was certainly the feature of the performance. Mr. SCOTT BUIST was also good. The "Producer and Director" of the play, however, who assumed the character of a fat and vague villain, was not so satisfactory; and it was a matter of some regret that he was not as "Silent" as the "Shore" for the production and direction of which he seemed to hold himself proudly responsible.

ALL OF A PIECE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I AM by the law reports that although Mr. SEBBOHM is not to use any of Mrs. BURNETT's lines from her novel of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, he is to be permitted to retain what Mr. Justice STIRLING has decided to be his own work. I quote his Lordship's words:—"I have come to the conclusion that it may not be impossible for the defendant to sever the passages which he has extracted from the novel from the rest of his work. If he desires it, I will give him the opportunity of doing so. He must first, however . . . extract from those copies which are in his possession or power, and deliver up for cancellation to the plaintiffs, all passages copied, taken, or colourably imitated from the plaintiffs' book." Of course this will rather alter his present dramatic version of the story. I frankly confess I have not been to the Prince of Wales's Theatre to see the play, but, as a brother dramatist, I cannot help feeling that it would be a pity to lose the whole of his labour. Why should he not alter the piece in such a way that it might be still suitable for representation. I have not time to work out the whole drama, but present him with a suggestion for the Last Act.

SCENE—*The Condemned Cell at Newgate. Old Lord FONTLEROY discovered pinioned. "UGLIEST" in tears.*

Old Lord F. Be off with you!

"Ugliest." Oh, don't say that, my grandson! You break my heart!
Old Lord F. What do I care! But, before I die, let me sing one song that reminds me of happier times—when I was a boy at Eton somewhere towards the end of the eighteenth century.

(*Song introduced—"Jolly Noss."*)

"Ugliest." Oh, my darling, you break my heart! I cannot bear it!
Sheriffs of London and Middlesex (entering). Nor we either! Take him off to immediate execution!

"Ugliest" (clinging to their knees in supplication). No! no! You shall not tear him from me!

Old Lord F. Why not, grandmother? I die happy. I am of ancient birth. I am a nobleman. I have the greatest contempt for cads! *Noblesse does not oblige!* Down with the democracy!

Sheriffs. Away with him!

Old Lord F. (with dignity). I obey you, Sirs! But first a word with these present. (*Turning to the Audience.*) I can die happy if you show you forgive me by applauding *Old Lord Fontleroy*.

"Ugliest" (sobbing). Or *The Phantom Bride of Battersea Park.* (*Faints.*)

There! I do not know if there is any "colourable imitation" in the above; but if there be, it must be altered. With kindest regards to Mr. SEBBOHM, Yours sincerely, A BOOM AT SEA.

A STITCH IN TIME.

WITH a view to calming the popular apprehension now showing some signs of rising, owing to the recently sprung "National Danger" scare, it is said that the Naval and Military Authorities have resolved on putting the following schemes into execution at their earliest convenience:—

1. *Arming the Volunteer Artillery.*—As neither Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG nor the Ordnance Department at Woolwich, owing to the heavy arrears of work they have at present in hand for the purpose of supplying guns for Her Majesty's ships, arsenals, and coaling stations, can turn their attention to the manufacture of a weapon suitable for the requirements of the force of Artillery Volunteers for the next fifteen years, it has been determined to equip this important factor in the defensive organisation of the country with a light muzzle-loading field-gun, the barrel of which will be constructed from an ordinary six-inch iron gas-pipe. The contract has already been placed with an enterprising firm of East-end sweaters, and it is calculated that probably before the end of the year after next the first consignment of the order will be in the hands of the force for which it has been so happily designed.

2. *Organising the First Line of Defence.*—With a view to providing a suitable force to act on any sudden emergency as a first line of coast defence, it has been determined to enrol all the bath chairmen, marine store-dealers, and Nigger minstrels, in the habit of frequenting the summer sea-side resorts, and forming them into a skilled corps to discharge this important duty. They will be drilled by the local police constable, and efficiently armed with the famous Brown Bess, a sufficient supply of which good old-fashioned weapon will be forthcoming from the Tower.

3. *Land Transport Service.*—This important branch will be supplied in any emergency by an arrangement with the Borough and New Cut costermongers, who have undertaken to furnish their barrows for the work. It is calculated that in the event of any sudden call being made upon them, they could render valuable and active service in this special department.

THE NEW GALLERY.



Nassi Furniss

HERE'S the New Gallery, marble-ous! golden! Architect ROBSON, to whom we're beholden. Every arrangement made in the New Gallery is in a style we'll call Carr-ish and Halléry.

Rooms rather low, and suggestive of heat,
But the vestibule offers a shady retreat;
'Tis called an "impluvium"—just what you'd wish
(and fish:
On a very hot day, with tank, fountain,
So useful for morning, with brushes and sponge.
And here comes the Infant to make its first plunge,
Carr-ied by HALLÉ and CARR. If you look,
The picture's one-hundred-and-seven in book,
KENNEDY'S subject. We hope the ablution
Will suit the new Infant's untrod constitution.
If he boldly strikes out, we foretell, and with reason,

He must get on swimming'y all through the season.
Here plays a fountain, and here there are [chairs,—
Why not a band, hid away, playing airs?
'Tis just the place for a lounge in July,
Where you can rest with some green in your eye,
Which there will be, if you sit there and
That a waiter will bring cigarettes and cool drink. [think
TADEMA, HERKOMER, FORD, and BURNER—
All the Committee, in various tones,
May to the Middlesex Magistrates go
For leave and for licence,—the answer is "No."
At last they must yield—then Refreshment! Cigar! [CARR.
We'll do it in style with our Triumphal

"THE REAL LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY."

(A Very Imaginary Conversation. With Apologies to Mrs. F. Hodgson Burnett.)



Looking at the Duke. What a man! May 19, 1888.

And then the Duke looked up.

What Little GRANDOLPH saw was a portly old man, with scanty white hair and bushy whiskers, and a nose like a florid bulb between his prominent imperious eyes.

What the Duke saw was a smart, small figure in a jaunty suit, with a large collar, and with trim, accurately-parted locks curved carefully about the curiously canine little face, whose equally protuberant eyes met his with a look of—well, perhaps the Duke would have found it difficult exactly to define the character of that look, but it combined in an emphatic way the interrogative and the ironical.

It was thought that Little Lord FAUNTLEROY was himself rather like a small copy of a grander and older original, and he himself was supposed to be well aware of the fact. But there was a sudden glow of emotion in the irascible old Duke's face as he saw what a sturdy, self-confident little fellow Lord FAUNTLEROY was, and how unhesitatingly he stood to his guns in all circumstances. It moved the grim old nobleman that the youngster should show no shyness or fear, either of the situation or of himself.

"Are you the Duke?" he said. "I'm a Duke's son, you see, and know something about such things. I'm Lord GRANDOLPH FAUNTLEROY."

He nodded affably, because he knew it to be the polite and proper thing to do, even from young and clever Lords to old and (the adjective he mentally used may be suppressed) Dukes. "I hope you—and the Army—are all right," he continued, with the utmost airiness. "I'm very glad to see you here."

"Glad to see me, are you?" said the Duke.

"Yes," answered Lord FAUNTLEROY, "very."

There was a chair at the head of the table, and he sat down on it; it was a big chair, and, physically, he hardly filled it perhaps; but he seemed quite at his ease as he sat there, and regarded a Monarch's august relative intently and confidently.

"I've often wondered what a Commander-in-Chief would look like when being cross-examined," he remarked. "I've wondered whether he'd be anything like my great ancestor of the Queen Anne epoch."

"Am I?" asked the Duke.

"Well," GRANDOLPH replied, "I've only seen pictures of him, of course, and I can't exactly say how he would have looked in a similar case, but I don't think you are much like him."

"You are disappointed, I suppose?" suggested his august interlocutor.

"Oh no!" replied GRANDOLPH, politely. "Of course you would

like any great military contemporary to look like your own illustrious ancestor; but of course you *might* admire the way your great military contemporary looked, even if he wasn't like your illustrious ancestor. You know how it is yourself, about admiring your contemporaries."

The Duke stared. He could hardly be said to know how it was about admiring his contemporaries, many of whom he didn't admire at all, and some of whom did not altogether admire him.

"Well, and how's our bit of an Army getting on?" asked Lord FAUNTLEROY, airily.

"Our—bit—of—an—Army?" repeated the Duke, in a scattered sort of way.

"Yes," explained GRANDOLPH, "the bit of an Army we pay such a pile of money for?"

"Ha!" ejaculated his Lordship. "That's it, is it? The money isn't spent as you like. You'd like to have the spending of it. What would you buy with it? I should like to hear something about that."

"Doubtless," replied Lord FAUNTLEROY, coolly. "Some day you may. At present I'm asking questions, and your business is to answer them."

"The D—!" began the Duke, hotly.

"Quite so—the D—stalls," interjected Little Lord FAUNTLEROY, blandly. "As you were doubtless about to say, the details are the things! All very well to say in a general sort of way that the Army is going to its usual destination, Duke; that Party Spirit and Financial Cheese-paring are the cause of it, and that more men and money are urgently required. That won't do for me. I want to know—so does the Country—much more than that. How? Why? What? When? How many? How much? These, my dear Duke, are the pertinent questions to which we—the Country and I—demand precise answers. When we get them, instead of vague denunciation and big D's, we shall know what to do."

The sensations of his Royal Highness the Duke, could scarcely be described. He was not an old nobleman who was very easily taken aback, because he had seen a great deal of the official world; but here was something he found so novel that it almost took his lordly breath away, and caused him some singular emotions. A civilian had always seemed to him a most objectionable creature—impertinent, parsimonious, and with inadequate conceptions of discipline. But this composed, precise, insolently interrogative little personage was a portent. The Duke's martinet manner was quite shaken by this startling surprise.

"Well," he began, "if we cannot get the Country to understand what is wanted, why then it is not our fault."

"Isn't it?" said Lord FAUNTLEROY. "And who are 'we'?" "Whoever 'we' may be, be sure that when 'we' can explain clearly and convincingly, with something like agreement, and without fog and fury, what really is wanted, the Country will be only too ready to 'understand,' and to pay, for that matter. But when the Country, paying heavily for an Army, is told periodically, with much emphasis, that it hasn't got one; and when, asking anxiously what it is to do to get one, the only intelligible 'tip' upon which all 'Authorities' agree is—pay more money, why, then, my dear Duke, the Country can't understand that singular state of things, and small blame to it, I say. What do we want, and how much will it cost? These are the questions. Who can answer them?"

"Well," faltered the Duke, "something satisfactory might doubtless be done with an additional eleven thousand men."

"Now, do you mean to tell me that the difference between 'no Army' and an adequate one, between frightful danger and comfortable security, resolves itself, after all, into a question of eleven thousand extra men?" asked Little Lord FAUNTLEROY.

"Why, n—o—o, not exactly," replied the Duke.

"Not exactly," repeated Lord FAUNTLEROY. Of course! Nothing ever is 'exact' in what the Authorities tell us; "and yet they grumble at the Country for not 'understanding.' STANHOPE says he never heard of any such want before. What we want, he says, is 'improved organisation.' Another nice vague generality! I've no doubt we do want it, and are likely to want it as things go at present. If there is one point you do agree upon, it is the need of 'more money.' While JOHN BULL believes, as I do, that with less money he might, with decent management, get all he wants, he'll hardly be in a hot hurry to relax his purse-strings at the confused clamour of conflicting Authorities. Only a little re-arrangement required, say the official optimists. The patriotic pessimists put it very differently. A pleasant picture, indeed, the latter paint. Nothing like enough men; not sufficient barrack accommodation, even if we had the men; artillery batteries with bad guns; no means of supplying good ones without long delay; best magazine-rifle invented theoretically, but not a single regiment provided with it; Army stores miserably deficient; not a single land-fortress with a modern breech-loading gun; guns served out to Volunteers obsolete, armaments of forts obsolete, shot and shell obsolete! There is the pessimists' picture of our Army—to say nothing about the Navy, what there is of it. If half of it is true, somebody ought to be impeached; oh, my dear Duke?"

"All we can accomplish is to do the best we can with the Authorities we have to deal with—the Country and the House of Commons," muttered the Duke.

"But do you 'do your best?'" asked Little Lord FAUNTLEROY. "A physician doesn't first grab a bouncing fee, and then turn the patient loose in a drug-shop. He gives a prescription! Where is yours?"

"What does Lord WOLSELEY say?" retorted the Duke. "At present JOHN BULL goes to considerable expense in paying those whom he considers experts to advise him as to the Army and Navy; but he never gets to know what the opinion of these experts really is when it has been given."

"Then couldn't the experts get to let him know?" asked Little Lord FAUNTLEROY. "If, in all honesty and frankness, they agreed—supposing always that they can agree—to take a complete survey of the needs and resources of the Empire, with a view to clearly formulating a scheme, and fairly estimating its cost, don't you think that 'the Defence of the Country' would be better advanced than by the endless *charivari* of conflicting counsels and all-round recriminations which JOHN BULL finds it so hard to 'understand'?"

"Humph!" said the Duke.

THE BRITISH OFFICER AT HOME.

(A Page from a Diary.)

8 A.M.—Called by my servant. Glad to find that the window had not fallen in. Thought the fork would keep it together.

9 A.M.—Tub sunk into the floor. My donkey of a servant put in more water than the boards could bear.

10 A.M.—Slight delay getting on parade, caused by chimney coming down and smashing half my furniture.

12, noon.—Back again. During my absence the ceiling has fallen in. Quarter-master does not see his way to ordering repairs. Thinks I shall have to pay barrack damages myself, as I had a bird-cage with a canary in it suspended from the ceiling. Says that that was enough to "bring the whole thing down with a run."

1 P.M.—Just been to see my horse. Found the poor creature occupying a stable, as General NICHOLSON would say, "not large enough for a donkey!" I don't know what he would do if he didn't keep his head out of a window!

2 P.M.—Rather annoyed to find that the paper of my quarters had peeled off, thanks to the damp.

4 P.M.—Nearly broke my neck falling through the barrack stairs. Planks gave way, and when I tried to save myself by holding on to the banisters, they divided in half.

6 P.M.—Dressing for Mess, I was imprudent enough to lean against the wall pulling on my boots, and suddenly found myself in the next fellow's quarters. Really these barracks are sadly out of repair!

12 MIDNIGHT.—Home from Mess. Looked out of window, and found it rather windy. Under these circumstances I retire to rest, with an uneasy feeling that if it blows fairly hard, I may find myself under a heap of ruins before the morning.



SOMETHING LIKE A CEMETERY.—While General Sir LOTHIAN NICHOLSON was under examination last week by the House of Commons Select Committee to Inquire into the Army Estimates, General HAVELOCK-ALLAN put to him the following query:—"Are not the Royal Barracks in Dublin in a very unsanitary condition?" To which the Inspector-General of Fortifications replied, "That is an open question." Upon this Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL observed, smiling, "Not much of an open question to the officers who reside there." Quite so—not an open question, but an open grave question!

A NORTHERN LINE.—In the Chantry case Mr. Justice NORTH, giving his decision, quoted, *à propos* of sculpture—

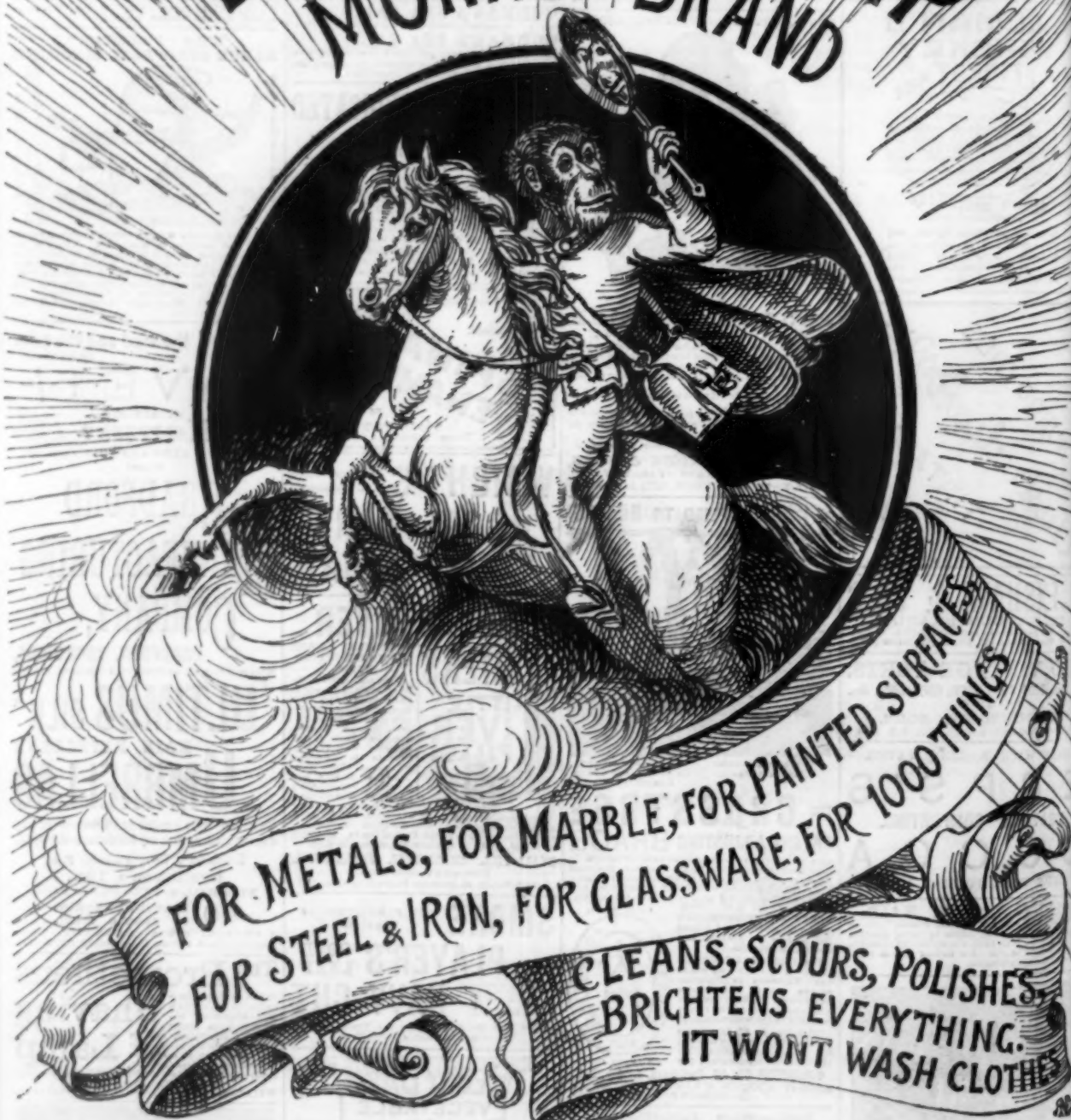
"The brass that seems to speak."

And it must have struck his Lordship how far more appropriate would be the application of this line to some of the eminent practitioners in the Law Courts.

ON A RECENT TRIAL.—What rhymes to HEADLAM? Isn't it, Bedlam?

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